

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 11.—VOL. XII.]

NOVEMBER, 1868.

[PRICE 1½d.]

FIRMIN ABAUZIT.

WE boast of the immortality of great authors in their works, and the art of printing has legitimised the idea by their ceaseless reproduction.

But bigotry may have the control of manuscripts, and the fate of Abauzit's writings points with humiliating force to the contingencies on which such after-existence rests.

Though but a century since Abauzit died, little but tradition remains of him, and the fame of the friend of Bayle, the eulogised contemporary of Rousseau, the proposed umpire between Newton and Leibnitz, rests almost upon the breath of men. His works were theological and Unitarian, and it is scarcely possible but that in them we have lost, or lost for a time, the roots of arguments which by this day would have expanded into volumes of conviction.

Seized when a child at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes it was purposed that he should be educated in the Catholic faith, but the ingenuity or daring of an affectionate mother effected his escape to Geneva. For this she was imprisoned by her persecutors, but once more defeating their tyranny she joined her son. Affection for his parent appears to have acted on him as a master spell, and the tempting offers of William III. could not induce him to reside in England. At Geneva he studied with amazing intensity, and with such versatility and depth that in after life he was mistaken by Pococke solely for an Orientalist, by Rousseau exclusively for a student of ancient music, by Newton as being absorbed in philosophical abstractions. On the completion of his studies he visited Holland, France, and England, and at his return to Geneva declined a professor's chair, and with the unostentatiousness and unworldliness that

seems to have marked his career through life, chose the situation of a supernumerary librarian, without salary. In 1726 Abauzit translated the New Testament into French, and at various times investigated and threw much light on the ancient history of Geneva; for the first the clergy and authorities of the city of Calvin tendered him their thanks, and for the last enrolled the illustrious stranger amongst them. Strange vicissitude! In 1553 the clergy and magistrates of the city burnt a stranger and denier of the Trinity at the stake. In 1726 they thank a Unitarian for his translation of a portion of the scriptures and make him their fellow citizen!

Abauzit appears to have spent his last years in peaceful study, but with the modesty of true merit to have appraised his own productions at too low an estimate, which was sadly evidenced by his leaving the greatest part of his manuscripts to his heirs, who were Catholics, by whom they were burnt.

We have one anecdote of him which paints the mildness and endurance of his temper in such a light as to make us wish for more.

His friends persuaded his attendant to try how far he might tempt his master's equanimity. The domestic thereupon omitted to make his bed, to which Abauzit called his attention, but without reproof. The same neglect, however, was suffered to occur for several days in succession, on which Abauzit, calling his man to him, said:—"You appear not to like to make my bed, perhaps you think it too much trouble; it is, however, no great matter, as I begin to accustom myself to it."

Abauzit was born in 1679, at Uzès, in Languedoc, and died in 1767. He was descended from an Arabian physician who settled at Toulouse in the ninth century.

A TRUE SISTER OF MERCY.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

(Abridged from *Good Words*.)

ONE woman has died—a woman, attractive and rich, and young and witty; yet a veiled and silent woman, distinguished by no other genius but the divine genius—working hard to train herself in order to train others to walk in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. To follow Him, she spent herself in activity; she overworked because others underwork. Shall we let her have died in vain?

She died, as she had lived, at her post, in one of the largest workhouse infirmaries in this kingdom—the first in which trained nursing has been introduced. She is the pioneer of workhouse nursing. I do not give her name; were she alive, she would beg me not. Of all human beings I have ever known, she was (I was about to say) the most free from desire of the praise of men. But I cannot say—most free; for she was perfectly free. She was absolutely without human vanity; she preferred being unknown to all but God; she did not let her right hand know what her left hand did.

The graceful, tender legends of Catholic saints and martyrs (why call them *Roman* Catholic?) have not a greater miracle than we have here in the flesh. She lived the life, and died the death, of the saints and martyrs; though the greatest sinner would not have been more surprised than she to have heard this said of herself. In less than three years she had reduced one of the most disorderly hospital populations in the world to something like Christian discipline, such as the police themselves wondered at. She had led, so as to be of one mind and heart with her, upwards of fifty nurses and probationers, of whom the faithful few whom she took with her of our trained nurses were but a seed. She had converted a vestry to the conviction of the economy as well as humanity of nursing pauper sick by trained nurses, the first instance of the kind in England; for vestries, of whom she had almost the most enlightened, the most liberal body of men in England to support her, *must* look after the pockets of their ratepayers as well as the benefit of their sick. But,

indeed, the superstition seems now to be exploding that to neglect sick paupers is the way to keep down pauperism.

She had disarmed all opposition, all sectarian zealotism; so that Roman Catholic and Unitarian, High Church and Low Church, all literally rose up and called her “blessed.” Churchwardens led the way in the vestry meeting which was held in her honour after her death; and really affecting speeches, made while moving the resolution of condolence (no mere form) to her family, were the tribute to her public service. All, of all shades of religious creed, seemed to have merged their differences in her, seeing in her the one true essential thing, compared with which they acknowledged their differences to be as nothing; and aged paupers made verses in her honour after her death.

In less than three years—the time generally given to the ministry on earth of that Saviour whom she so earnestly strove closely to follow—she did all this. She had the gracefulness, the wit, the un-failing cheerfulness—qualities so remarkable but so much overlooked in our Saviour’s life. She had the absence of all asceticism, or “mortification,” for mortification’s sake, which characterised His work, and any real work in the present day as in His day. And how did she do all this? She was not, when a girl, of any conspicuous ability, except that she had cultivated in herself to the utmost a power of getting through business in a short time, without slurring it over and without fid-fadding at it—real business—her Father’s business. She was always filled with the thought that she must be about her “Father’s business.” How can any undervalue business habits? as if anything could be done without them. She could do, and she did do, more of her Father’s business in six hours than ordinary women do in six months, or than most of even the best women do in six days. But, besides this and including this she had trained herself to the utmost—she was always training herself; for this is no holiday work. Nursing is an art, and, if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter’s or sculptor’s work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble, com-

pared with having to do with the living body—the temple of God's spirit? It is one of the Fine Arts, I had almost said the finest of the Fine Arts. I have seen somewhere in print that nursing is a profession to be followed by the "lower middle class." Shall we say that painting or sculpture is a profession to to be followed by the "lower middle class?" Why limit the class at all? Or shall we say that God is only to be served in His sick by the "lower middle class?" The poorest child without shoes, the most highly-born, have alike followed all these professions with success, have alike had to undergo the hardest work, if for success. There is no such thing as amateur art; there is no such thing as amateur nursing.

I return to the training which this servant of God gave herself.

Before she came to us she had been at Kaiserswerth, and already knew more than most hospital matrons know when they undertake matronship. She was some time with the Bible women in London. Overdone with cares and business, I had lost sight of her, when I was taken by surprise at hearing from our training school at St. Thomas' Hospital that she had asked for admittance there to have a year's training, a step entirely unprompted by us. She told me afterwards that she felt, when she had entered there, as if she knew nothing. While there she went through all the training of a nurse. Her reports of cases were admirable as to nursing details. She was our best pupil; she went through all the work of a soldier, and she thereby fitted herself for being the best general we ever had. Many a time in her after life at the workhouse she wrote that without her training at St. Thomas' Hospital she could have done nothing. Unless a superintendent herself knows what the nurses she has to superintend ought to do she is always at a loss. She is never sure of her work. She must be herself the measure of their work. In a workhouse, she said, this must be pre-eminently the case—more even than in a hospital—because on a workhouse infirmary matron fall many more of the decisions as to petty medical matters than on a London hospital matron, where the medical and surgical staff are much more numerous and constant.

"Without a regular hard *London* hospital training I should have been nowhere," she used to say.

She was fond of telling her obligations to our admirable matron at St. Thomas' Hospital. I need, however, but to recall one thing. This very year that she was taken from us she had intended to have "two months more training" at St. Thomas' Hospital as soon as she could safely take "a holiday"—(what a holiday!)—after three weeks with her dear mother and sister. She said she should learn "so much" now, having won her experience, if she had "a little more training."

I will return to her work at the workhouse. How did she do it all? She did it simply by the manifestation of the life which was in her—the trained, well-ordained life of doing her Father's business—so different from the governing, the ordering about, the driving principle. And everybody recognised it—the paupers, and the vestry, and the nurses, and the Poor Law Board. As for the nurses (those who understood her), her influence with them was unbounded. They would have died for her. Because they always felt that she cared for them, not merely as instruments of the work, but for each one in herself; not because she wished for popularity or praise among them, but solely for their own well-being. She had no care for praise in her at all. But (or rather because of this) she had a greater power of carrying her followers with her than any woman or man I ever knew; and she never seemed to know that she was doing anything remarkable.

I cannot say in my weak words what she used to tell as to her questionings: "Shall I be able ever to meet the dreariness, the disappointments, the isolation?" And the answer, "Not in my own strength, but in His; not for my work's sake, but for His." "My grace is sufficient for thee. My strength is made perfect in thy weakness." That answer of God to St. Paul she realised in her daily life more than any one I ever knew.

She was peculiarly sensitive to little acts and words of kindness, and also of unkindness; and if a nosegay, a friendly letter came to her in her times of overwork and discouragement, she would take it exactly as if it had been sent her by

her Father Himself. "I do not say to Him, give success," she once said; "if all fails to human eyes, if I do nothing, 'not my will, but His be done; not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'"

More completely and unreservedly than any one I ever knew, she gave herself: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Thy word."

And it was so. What she went through during her workhouse life is scarcely known but to God and to one or two. Yet she said that she had "never been so happy in all her life."

All the last winter she had under her charge above fifty nurses and probationers, above-150 pauper scourers, from 1290 to 1350 patients, being from 200 to 300 more than the number of beds. All this she had to provide for and arrange for, often receiving an influx of patients without a moment's warning.

The last words spoken to her were, "You will soon be with your Saviour." Her reply was, "I shall be well there." And so she passed away. In her coffin she had that listening, beaming expression peculiar to her in life, as if always hearkening to the Master's bidding—in death, as if hearing the words, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Years of previous action had prepared this young girl for her life of devotion. Her body was taken back to her own people to be buried in her father's vault.

All the old folks went out to meet her—old men and women of near ninety years of age, who could scarcely move on crutches. The young men who had been her own scholars in her big boys' evening class went a distance to meet the funeral, and carried in the coffin themselves. The school children and school-mistresses gathered primroses and snowdrops and violets from all the country round, and brought these, and yew and ivy from the garden which she had planted for them herself. The whole district seemed to be there—at the grave of their dear one. But the hush of solemn silence was so great that they could hear the fall of the violets on the coffin. The grave was surrounded, first by rows of school children—behind them, on one side the young women, on the other the young men of her Bible classes—and behind these again the elder women and men with whom she had

read and prayed. She lay, after the service, completely strewn over with primroses and snowdrops showered upon her coffin. After all was over the school children and mistresses sent a message to her poor sick paupers that they would be glad to hear that their kind friend had been as gently laid in her grave as an infant laid to rest in its mother's arms.

ON WORSHIPPING IN THE TEMPLE OF RIMMON.

IN 2 Kings v. we have the history of Naaman, the captain in the Syrian army, on his recognising Jehovah as the only true God, asking leave of the prophet Elisha to conform outwardly to the idolatrous worship of his country when his king required it. And, sad to say, the prophet gives him leave. "When I bow down myself in the house of the idol named Rimmon may Jehovah pardon thy servant?" And Elisha answers him, "Go in peace," meaning certainly, "You have my permission." Now every reader brought up in habits of truthfulness will see that this is one of many examples in the Bible that we ought to avoid, not copy. We are not to commit murder because we read of Cain killing Abel, nor are we to worship God in any manner that our conscience disapproves because Naaman had Elisha's permission to do so. There are, however, men who will quote this chapter to justify their conformity to the Church services. An eminent clergyman, in a published sermon, tells his hearers that to himself and them, now that they have opened their eyes to the false doctrines of the Book of Common Prayer, the parish church is become the Temple of Rimmon. His natural feeling of truthfulness would make him refuse to enter and join in its services. But this chapter is his authority for retaining his pulpit and his income, and is his justification in using a form of prayer which he thinks superstitious and idolatrous. Now this clergyman is a straightforward and outspoken man. He tells us his dissatisfaction with the Church, and with the Liturgy and the creeds which he repeats on a Sunday morning. And a very large part of the clergy feel with him. They have opened their eyes to the errors of the doctrine which they are required to teach through the in-

strumentality of the Book of Common Prayer. The parish church is become to all such a Temple of Rimmon. The more intelligent of the clergy own that they are teaching as religious truths doctrines that they do not believe. This is undermining the morality of the nation. But the clergy are not the only people to be blamed. The laity also bow down in the Temple of Rimmon. They repeat the Liturgy and the Nicene Creed every Sunday. They are all giving their countenance to what they do not believe to be true. The intelligent are setting an example to their more ignorant neighbours, and if not deliberately teaching by their example theological error, are teaching insincerity.

MARY'S BEAUTY.

WHERE can it be, dear mother,
That Mary's beauty lies?
More silken are my tresses,
And brighter are my eyes;

Yet children throng around her,
And strangers praise her grace;
There's not a creature in the village
But loves her bonny face.

I know when day is breaking
She seeks the forest stream,
And ever on returning
More beautiful doth seem.

Perchance its shaded waters
Some ancient charm retain,
And those who bathe at sunrise,
Its virtue can obtain.

I'll hie me there to-morrow,
To try the waters too,
And wait until she cometh,
And see what she will do.

Young Ella reached the forest
While yet the stars were bright,
But scarcely had she hidden
When Mary came in sight.

She lightly crossed the streamlet,
And paused upon a spot
Where rocks and twining branches
Had formed a quiet grot.

Unconscious of observers,
She knelt in meekness there;
And looking up to heaven,
Breathed forth a fervent prayer.

Then, rising up in gladness,
She warbled forth a hymn,
And homeward bent her footsteps
While yet the light was dim.

Forth came the softened Ella,
Nor tried the streamlet's art;
She thought not of her features—
But of her erring heart.

BURGER AND THE BEGGAR.

As Louis Burger, the well-known author and philologist, was walking in the Avenue de Champs Elysees, one day, during the Exhibition in Paris last year, he heard a familiar voice exclaiming, "Buy some nuts of a poor man, sir; twenty for a penny!"

"What!" said Burger, looking up, and recognising his old barber, "are you selling nuts?"

"Ah, sir, I have been unfortunate," was the reply.

"But this is no business for a man like you," said Burger.

"O, sir, if you could only tell me of something better to do!" returned the barber with a sigh.

Burger was touched. He reflected a moment, then, tearing a leaf from his memorandum-book, he wrote for a few moments, and handed it to the man, saying, "Take this to a printing-office, and have a hundred copies struck off; here is the money to pay for it. Get a license from the Prefecture of the Police, and sell them at two sous a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit Paris cannot refuse this tribute to the name of God, printed in so many different ways."

The barber did as he was bid, and was always seen in the entrance to the Exhibition, selling the following hand-bill:—

*The name of God in forty-eight
Languages.*

Hebrew, *Elohim* or *Eloah*.

Chaldaic, *Elah*.

Assyrian, *Ellah*.

Syriac and Turkish, *Alah*.

Malay, *Alla*.

Arabic, *Allah*.

Language of the Magi, *Orsi*.

Old Egyptian, *Teut*.

Armorian, *Teuti*.

Modern Egyptian, *Tenn*.

Greek, *Theos*.

Cretan, *Thios*.

Æolian and Doric, *Hos*.

Latin, *Deus*.

Low Latin, *Diem*.

Celtic and old Gallic, *Diu*.

French, *Dieu*.

Spanish, *Dios*.

Portuguese, *Deos*.

Old German, *Diet*.

Provençal, *Diou*.
 Low Breton, *Doue*.
 Italian, *Dio*.
 Irish, *Diè*.
 Olala tongue, *Deu*.
 German and Swiss, *Gott*.
 Flemish, *Goed*.
 Dutch, *Godt*.
 English and old Saxon, *God*.
 Teutonic, *Goth*.
 Danish and Swedish, *Gut*.
 Norwegian, *Gud*.
 Slavic, *Buch*.
 Polish, *Bog*.
 Polaca, *Bung*.
 Lapp, *Jubinal*.
 Finnish, *Jumala*.
 Runic, *As*.
 Pannonian, *Istu*.
 Zemblian, *Fetizo*.
 Hindostanee, *Rain*.
 Coromandel, *Brama*.
 Tartar, *Magatal*.
 Persian, *Sire*.
 Chinese, *Prussa*.
 Japanese, *Goezur*.
 Madagascar, *Zannar*.
 Peruvian, *Puchocamae*.

A few days after Burger met the barber.

"Well," said he, "has the holy name of God brought you good luck?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," said the barber. "I sell on an average a hundred copies a day at two sous each, or ten francs; but the strangers are generous; some give me ten sous and others twenty. I have even received two francs for a copy; so that all told, I am making five-and-twenty francs a day."

"Five-and-twenty francs a day!" said Burger.

"Yes, sir; thanks to your kindness," he replied.

"The deuce!" thought Burger, as he walked away. "If I were not a literary man, I would turn pedlar or publisher; there is nothing so profitable as selling the learning or wit of others."

A HINT FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

If a boy learns something of the higher branches of learning he finds himself lifted into a higher position in life. If he learns Latin and Greek he takes rank

among the masters instead of among the men. If he only learns a little French he may earn an extra 2s. 6d. per week, equal to £6 per annum. The possession of Latin and Greek would not gain for him the 2s. 6d. per week that the French would, but most likely much more, as it makes him an educated man who does all his work better.

Let us suppose that every one of these boys thus educated gains the small addition of 2s. 6d. per week to his wages; those who have given him this education make him a present of £6 per annum as long as he lives and earns after leaving school, which with some boys may be fifty years, namely from fifteen to sixty-five. With the average it will be only half that number, therefore this education will have made him £150 richer if he dies at the age of forty. It is equivalent to a present of £150 to him on leaving school.

This is probably very much understating the advantage in money that such an education brings, and the money is the smallest part of the gain, for moral and religious improvement is not to be measured in money nor calculated by arithmetic.

BELIEF: FAITH: INFIDELITY.

When you hear or read a statement, especially an important statement affecting *Life, Morals, Religion*; first, UNDERSTAND it; secondly, TEST ITS TRUTH.

Assent without Understanding is CREDULITY;—the parent of SUPERSTITION, and one of the two great sins against the *Mind* and its MAKER.

Dissent Before Examination is PREJUDICE;—the offspring of CONCEIT, and the second of the two great sins against the *Mind* and its MAKER.

Assent, after due Examination, is BELIEF; a fair result from a faithful study.

Dissent, after due Examination, is UNBELIEF; another fair result from a faithful study.

Uncertainty, after due Examination, lands in DOUBT; a third fair result from a faithful study.

Belief, Unbelief, and Doubt are mental VIRTUES.

Credulity and Prejudice are mental VICIES.

BELIEF involves an *Agreement or Covenant*, with the GOD of TRUTH, by which the Believer is committed to regulate his *Life and Conduct* by the *Truths* believed. The *Witness* to this *Covenant* is CONSCIENCE.

The *Observance* of this *Covenant* is FAITH: its *Breach* is INFIDELITY.

W. A. P.



DEWSBURY UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

DEWSBURY UNITARIAN CHURCH.

THIS new church at Dewsbury—another proof of the zeal of our friends in Leeds and the neighbourhood—was opened on the 21st March, 1866. The building is of pitch-faced stone with dressings. It is in the early English pointed style, and contains chapel, school-room, and class-room. The chapel consists of a nave fifty feet six inches long by thirty feet six inches wide, and is lighted by double lancet windows on each side, and at the west end by a rose window in plate tracery. The entrance is in the west gable under the rose window; by a moulded and shafted pointed doorway, leading into a screened off lobby, which opens by two doorways into the nave aisles. The west gable has four weathered buttresses. The north and south sides of the building have likewise weathered buttresses between the bays. The nave is divided by two aisles, uniting in front of the chancel steps by a cross aisle. The benches are open, with panelled and cut ends, and will accommodate about 260 persons. The chapel windows are all glazed with rolled plate glass in lead quarries relieved with margins of slightly tinted cathedral glass, and with quarries of the same, introduced occasionally to form simple patterns, rather more colour being introduced into the rose window. The east window is filled with stained glass, as a memorial of the late Mr. Todd. All the woodwork of the chapel is lightly stained in shades and varnished. The school-room is fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, having separate boys' and girls' entrances. At the east end is a platform; adjoining is a class-room having a boiler and other appliances for tea parties, also a lobby for hats, &c. Below the class-room is a cellar for the warming apparatus, from which hot water pipes circulate round the chapel and school-room. The total cost of the land, building, and furniture was about £1700, which amount being raised by the opening of the chapel, the congregation were able to begin their work in the new building unencumbered by debt. The Rev. James Dixon was the first minister of this church; the Rev. Charles Howe is the present minister.

SUNDAY.

MAY we not all feel something of the true spirit of the Sabbath Day? Is there not some moment therein when we believe heaven to be drawn more near, and the spirits of our darlings gone before to be more closely linked with ours? I hope it is so; nay, it must be so, to some of us at least. God never intended that His Resting Day should be aught but one of beauty and solace. He meant that on it a holy strength should be gathered up anew, wherewith to meet the struggles of the coming week; and a holy love imbibed from His own Infinite Love, to bear us safely through the battle of another six days. Oh! I believe if we could more truly feel the *meaning* of the Sabbath that it would indeed become to us one of those

“Rounds by which we may ascend.”

It is not the set of forms of worship appointed for the Sabbath that bring us nearest to its spirit, though these may do much, but those silent influences which creep into our souls unawares, causing a sudden throb of love and gratitude to “Our Father.” Such are the beauties of nature, a sweet strain of music, a loving thought, clothed in as loving words, and falling from the lips of some one dear to us. It is true that these things may and do attend us each day of our lives; but on Sunday we are less full of our secular cares, and so our inner nature is more ready for their reception, more quick to welcome them. Oh! they are many, very many, these angel influences, if we would only open our hearts to them and drink them in, thanking God the while.

The love of the Sabbath may be cultivated. Never think for an instant that it is not natural in you to welcome it, and that therefore there is no use in your trying to do so. Try simply to bring yourself within reach of the influences named above, and when you have done this you will feel its true meaning, which is the same as loving it.

But the Sabbath brings to many of us, you say, hard and irksome duties. I know it; yet out of these even much sweetness may be drawn. Is it nothing to have the knowledge that you are labouring for the very same cause which, more than eighteen hundred years ago, animated our Saviour? Is it nothing to know

that the good you do to-day may spread, and yield fruit a hundredfold—that a holy influence dropped into a child's soul to-day may act upon him a year hence, and that for it he may be a purer and happier being? Oh! labour on in love, and your reward will be rich. Take thankfully each help God gives you, and forget not that great one which is renewed each week. It rests with each one of us to *use* it or to *abuse* it. It is a talent as truly as any of our other gifts, for it is *leisure from secular pursuits to attend more closely to sacred ones*. And will God not require an account of that leisure? Surely, yes. Let us use it then earnestly, and it will bear no small part in the perfecting of our characters. Let us "reverence the Sabbath, keep it as a Christian ought to keep it. A holy Sabbath is the parent of a holy week, and holy weeks shall end in a holy immortality."

THE JEWISH PRIESTHOOD—THEIR DISESTABLISHMENT.

A PRIEST in Jerusalem was like a clergyman in the Church of England, he was established by law, he performed the religious services in the Great National Temple.

The chief priest anointed the kings when they came to the throne, as does our Archbishop of Canterbury, and he had authority over the inferior priests and the Levites. He claimed to hold his office in direct succession from Aaron, as the English clergy boast of their apostolic succession from St. Peter. The authority of the priests was very various at different periods of the Jewish history. Sometimes they were able to govern the king, or even to depose him, as when Queen Athaliah was deposed by the priest Jehoida, and when King Uzziah was shut up in a leper house by the priest Azariah. At other times the king was able to free himself from such priestly domination, as when King Jehoash had Zechariah the high-priest murdered in the court of the temple for very much the same reason that our King Henry II. had Archbishop Thomas à Becket murdered in Canterbury Cathedral, namely, because he found that his priestly influence was too great to be agreeable to him. The priests and Levites, like our bishops and

clergy, were maintained partly by lands allotted to them, partly by a tax, and partly by free-will offerings.

The prophet on the other hand held no such office or appointment. He was a layman, and might even be called a dissenter. He stepped forward of his own accord, moved by the spirit within him, to rebuke the nation and its rulers for their sins. He often lays the blame upon the priests as being misleading guides. Such was Isaiah, who says that Jehovah does not want their vain meat offerings and their incense, and hateth their new moon days and appointed feasts. Such was Hosca, who charges the priests with murder. Such was Micah, who complains that the priests teach for hire. Some of the most valuable parts of the Hebrew scriptures are the writing of the prophets.

On the decline of the monarchy the condition of the priesthood was very much changed. They naturally lost their wealth, as the country sank into adversity. They lost also much of their power. They were no longer able to call themselves superior to the Levites. During the last years of the monarchy priests and Levites ranked alike, and when the monarchy was overthrown by Nebuchadnezzar they both lost their position as the established clergy. The influence and power which they then retained was only that which their usefulness gained for them, not what the law granted them; and we may readily suppose that some of them then exerted themselves as religious guides and teachers in a way that they were not called to do while they had the advantages of being an established clergy. Then, and not before, do we find priests acting as prophets. Jeremiah was both a priest and a prophet. Ezekiel also was both a priest and a prophet.

The value of their religious teachings seems to have arisen from the circumstance that they were disestablished and disendowed; and if ever the clergy of the Church of England shall be disestablished and disendowed we shall probably find their religious services will then be as much more useful than they are at present as the teachings of the two priests, Jeremiah and Ezekiel, were superior to those of the priests who sacrificed oxen on the altar, and burned incense in the temple, before the disestablishment.

THE DREAM OF ALÆTHUS.

In ancient days there were men called alchemists, who sought after the philosopher's stone. It was all waste time, for they went seeking what they could not find; and this story which I am now about to relate is of a man who, like them, sought for something a long time in vain; but there was this difference—he searched for something higher and better than they, and what that was you will now hear.

His name was Alæthus, and he was very learned indeed. But for all his knowledge, cleverness, and superiority to most of his fellow-creatures, he was none the happier. He was discontented because he knew that his inferior fellow-creatures were much happier than he, from the very fact that they were not seized with the insatiable desire of knowing everything in the world. "Much learning hath made thee mad," said Festus to St. Paul, when the apostle was brought before Agrippa, and surely the same might be said of Alæthus.

From always thinking, arguing, and debating, he had become a sceptic on many points, and seeing, unfortunately, the frequent ingratitude of his fellow-creatures, he closed his heart against them; and so he lived on, studying much, but learning little, until he became hard in mind and feeling. If any man wanted to be "born again" it was Alæthus, and there were times when he thought so himself.

One day, disgusted more than ever with himself, his books, mankind, and everything else, this unhappy man sought relief from perturbing thoughts in walking by a river, near which he led his almost hermit life. Resting himself on the soft green bank near the water's edge, he closed his eyes, and, from very weariness of thought, slept. Presently an unseen hand seemed to raise and lead him away, until he beheld himself among the clouds, and standing, not by a spirit, for he saw no one, and yet he felt that a mysterious presence was near him; he then heard a voice speaking:—

"Alæthus, I have long watched thee. Thou seekest what thou canst not find; I am one of those who, invisible, always guide men to that which they long for. Tell me, now, what wishest thou? Riches, power, youth, health, beauty?—what is it?"

"None of these," Alæthus replied, in great awe, and trembling; "these are all so much of the world—they last but for a day. I desire happiness. Teach me to be happy."

"Hast thou no religion, then? Does not that teach you anything?"

"Alas!" cried Alæthus, "what is religion? All my life through I have wondered at it, and although I have endeavoured, I have not received that consolation that we are told of. If happiness comes from true religion, tell me where can I find it?"

The voice did not reply, but the Invisible guided him on and on until they were within the walls of a magnificent temple. Gold and silver glittered everywhere, and against the walls were huge images of marble, gold, silver, stone, and wood. These images were placed in different postures; some kneeling, some standing, and others sitting on magnificent thrones. People came in and prostrated themselves before these idols and prayed to them, flinging themselves down and embracing them as they prayed.

Alæthus stood in wonderment. Feeling that the Invisible was still near him, he asked—"What is this? These men worship gods of stone."

"This is a Pagan temple," answered the voice; "and these worshippers are idolators. But let us pass on."

They entered a street. Rolling along it came a gigantic car, in which were placed various idols. People flung themselves down before it, and the wheels passing over them, crushed many hundreds to death.

"See Juggernaut," said the voice; "how it triumphs over its victims!"

Alæthus shuddered with horror. "And what benefit do these unhappy beings derive from this?" said he. "How many are sacrificed to this terrible faith? And do they think this will be for their good, or that it is right?"

"They certainly believe it; they have been taught it from time immemorial. But let us change the scene."

Alæthus soon found himself in a totally different place. A lonely man in a lonely cell (Alæthus fancied he knew him). The man's hair was long and white. All around him seemed desolate and barren. A cross was in one corner, and a prayer-

book in his hand. There were no signs of comfort anywhere; no fire to warm him, and, as far as Alœthus could see, nothing to eat. Whilst he stood and looked, the man knelt down before the cross, bowed his head in his hands, and moaned, wept, and prayed.

"What good can he do by this?" inquired Alœthus.

"There are plenty of misguided men like him," said the voice. "He is a hermit. His religion is to spend his time away from his fellow-creatures in fasting and prayer."

"And does he find happiness in that?" said Alœthus,

"He evidently fancies so," replied the Invisible.

Leaving the hermit, the spirit led his companion on to a desolate-looking stone building. They entered a small iron gate. The floor was of stone; above them the roof arched, and along the walls were stone pillars, against which they occasionally saw black figures kneeling, murmuring to themselves, kissing the cross they held in their hands, and bowing towards the earth. Proceeding the length of this first hall they entered the chapel of the building. A strange scene presented itself. Women dressed in long black garments and white cloths tied over their foreheads. One of them, an elderly woman, seemed to be solemnly exhorting some one who stood near. Alœthus approached. A beautiful girl stood before the lady. Her lovely eyes, full of tears, were cast down on the ground; her hands were clasped together, and her whole form seemed moved by a strong passion. "Renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, my daughter," cried the lady abbess, "and come and be a blessed sister with us. For what are the pleasures of the outward world? They last but for a day, and here, my daughter, here you may lead a virtuous life. Unexposed to the temptations of the world, you may ever have the heart pure and unspotted. Look not back, my daughter; think of the future, and then the glorious hope and everlasting comfort that in serving Him thy soul is saved! Oh, my daughter, reflect on this happy state!" The young girl, weeping bitterly, looked around. Behind her, at a little distance, was another group. Father, mother, sisters,

and brothers, all had come to bid her a last farewell before leaving them for ever. Alœthus felt strangely moved for this fair young creature, now about to leave all her loved ones and the bright world without for the cold cloister and severities inflicted therein.

"Why does she do this?" exclaimed he; "is it not a sin to waste and cast away the benefits bestowed on us? For where can the happiness be if she seems so grieved to go?"

"It is her delusion," said the voice. "Fanaticism has seized her mind; she does it for her conscience sake."

"Then, if so," asked Alœthus, "why this exhortation and all this mourning? Why does she not accept her new life with gladness?"

"When the last moment arrives then comes the dread conflict. Perhaps in a moment of despondency she has resolved to leave the trials of this life behind and to become a nun. She would hardly have any heart if she did not. Remember, beside the trials, the many joys she has so often had. Beheld from a distance the convent's life does not show those horrors that one sees when face to face with it. But she may win the conflict."

"May she not," thought Alœthus, gazing at her, as she fell half fainting to the earth.

Having left the convent, they passed through a city, until they came to an open space or square situated therein. In the centre of this square was placed an immense pile of faggots and wood. Around the pile were assembled a vast concourse of people.

"What does all this mean?" asked Alœthus, in bewilderment.

"A victim is to be sacrificed," replied the voice; "and I will show you him if we pass on."

Alœthus suddenly found himself in a prison. In a deep, dark cell was a man standing up and confronting two or three severe-looking individuals clad in ecclesiastical attire. "And will you *not* repent?" said one of them. "No!" said the young man, resolutely. His face was as the face of an angel. "I believe in a merciful God and his blessed son, but accept your faith I will not." "Then *die!*" said his interrogator. "Oh, my son," exclaimed an old man with a milder

face than the other priest, and gently touching the young man's arm; "think again. How I have prayed the holy Virgin to turn you the right way. Be convinced, and accept this blessed faith; think what awaits you. Become one of us, and thy soul shall be saved; a crown of glory awaits thee. Oh, my son, reflect while there is yet time." "Father," replied the young man, respectfully, but firmly; "would you have me abjure my faith, which I have believed in always, and so perjure my soul? No, I will bear all for His sake who suffered for us. Weep not for me, father; I shall soon be free from all misery and martyrdom. I am ready now. Let me go." With a calm and serene countenance the martyr passed on, and ascended the pile made ready for him. They clad him in flame-coloured garments, and amid the yells and execrations of the multitude did this heroic man suffer for "righteousness sake."

Alœthus covered his face in horror. "Surely," he cried, "this man has more religion than the others; for having believed in it he endures unto the end. His tormentors cannot believe in a God of mercy, or how could they bear to see a fellow-creature suffer for mere difference of opinion?"

"This shows you," said the voice, "the varieties of creed. These bigots have hardened hearts. Mere form and ceremony is their law. We can only hope that the light of true Christianity may fall on their darkened souls. But come, let us see another phase."

Alœthus was then transported into a peculiar but not altogether strange scene. A low, broken down cottage. Everything around showed neglect and poverty. In a small room inside this house was placed a pallet of straw. On it lay a man who seemed to be in his last agony. Kneeling at his head was a priest, who was endeavouring to administer some wine to the sufferer. But the sick man hid his face, and every movement of his body denoted acute pain. Presently the priest spoke in low, soft tones:—"My son, I know you are sad and have much on your mind; but only confess to me, and here is the holy sacrament. Your soul is then saved. I have already said prayers for you, and your wife has given the money for masses for your soul. Be comforted, and confess

all." The man then raised himself, and still with his face hid as if in agony began a long tale of a dreadful murder that he had committed, and how he had fled from justice to this hut. Even the priest, although he was sadly used to scenes of this kind, shuddered at the murderer's recital. However, after a while, the man sank down exhausted; the priest administered extreme unction, gave the cross for the sufferer to kiss, and then went to a side door and knocked. In an instant it opened, and a woman swiftly entered. The priest took her hand. "My daughter," he said, "it is over." "Oh!" she exclaimed, "you do not mean that he is dead?" "No, my child, but he is at rest, and has confessed. He is absolved." "Holy Virgin be thanked!" cried she, kneeling down and embracing her husband; but as she received his last kiss he died.

"A comforting religion, assuredly," observed Alœthus, when he had passed out of the hut. "Here you may sin and do all kinds of wicked things, but if you only confess when you die a happy entry into the *promised land* is prepared for you."

"This is only one instance that I can show you," replied the voice, "of the state of religion in this country, and I have shown you the worst; but, at the same time, they do believe in good works being essential for salvation as well as their creed."

"I am disgusted," said Alœthus, "with all this mockery and bigotry. With some I feel compassion and with others contempt. They all seem to labour under such mistakes, and see through their 'glass darkly.' This is what I have thought all my life, and I am no nearer the true source than before. Is there no pure, true way? no real, heartfelt feeling? no sublime thoughts in religion? Show me, I pray you, if there is any rock of refuge where I can build my faith?"

As he spoke he beheld a figure move quietly past him. A strange attraction drew him on after it. It went into the homes of the poor, administering to the sick and diseased, comforting the afflicted, and raising up them that fell. He followed the figure into prisons, where it brought comfort to the captives; then into stormy, desolate regions, where it led the homeless

to a place of refuge and brought the weary rest. Suddenly the figure turned, and Alœthus saw its face. Then he remembered some words spoken, as it were, in some far off time, about "Pure and undefiled religion; visiting the fatherless and widows in affliction, and keeping oneself unspotted from the world?" The world! Yes; when Alœthus looked back there was the idolatrous Pagan worshipping gods of stone; the hermit hiding from the love of his fellow-men; the nun retiring into the gloomy walls of a convent from the blessed light of the world; the fanatics fiercely demanding blood by the laws of the terrible Inquisition, because the saints who suffered martyrdom did not choose to think like them; the death-bed repentance of the murderer and the buying of his soul into Heaven—yes, all these were of the world. Had they laid up for themselves treasures in Heaven? No. And Alœthus, weeping, trembling, but clothed, and in his right mind, fell down before the angelic figure and worshipped, and his heart was as that of a little child. The figure spoke, and he recognised the voice, which said:—"Religion comes not of creeds, but of actions. For God is no respecter of persons, but he that worketh righteousness shall be accepted of Him."

Then Alœthus looked up, and found himself lying on the bank where he had rested before his dream. He went home a new man, and studied no more; nor did he keep himself from the world, but sought more the happiness of those around him.

UNITARIANISM DEFENDED.

THE leading doctrine of all the orthodox churches is that a creed is necessary to salvation, that without correct belief none can be saved. But as to what the doctrines of this saving creed are they differ as much from each other as from the Unitarians. The Greek Church anathematizes the Roman, the Roman the English, the English the Dissenters, and the Dissenters each other. Anxious to find the truth, the Unitarian turns to the teaching of Jesus, deeming him the Master, and feeling sure that if there is any dogmatic creed that is essential to acceptance with God, he who came expressly to seek and save will not have failed to teach it plainly. On more than one occasion he was directly

questioned on this subject. "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" "Which is the first commandment of all?" Read his replies, and see if he says that "Before all things it is necessary to believe the Athanasian or any other creed." Jesus lived his creed, and bequeathed to his disciples not a dogma, but an example.

Denying then that any creed is essential to salvation, the Unitarians are accused of also not believing in the doctrine of "justification by faith." But this is not true of them. They believe in the faith which enabled Abraham to offer up Isaac, which strengthened Christ to carry his cross to Calvary, which nerved the martyrs to endure persecution, torture, and death. But they do not believe in that faith which calls good works "filthy rags," which holds out a premium to vice by teaching the efficacy of death-bed repentance, which says that a man whose whole life has been one long course of sin can be passed into heaven by a priest and a hangman, which calls a clergyman from his bed at dead of night to protect a new-born and dying baby from the wrath of God, "*Our Father* in heaven," by putting some water on its face, and pronouncing some mysterious words. This faith they hold to be entirely opposed to the plain teaching of scripture, which everywhere and always says, "By their *fruits* ye shall know them," "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap." "Suffer little children to come unto me (they were unbaptised children that Christ took in his arms and blessed), and forbid them not; of such is the kingdom of God."

The churches teach that there is a state of eternal punishment, where the soul never dies and torture never ceases, and that God consigns to this hell the great bulk of his human offspring. The Unitarians assert that this is nowhere taught in the Bible. Jesus used very strong figurative language in depicting the misery which sin must entail upon the sinner in the future world, but he never taught that it would be *endless*. Whatever else Christ taught or did not teach, it is undeniable that he taught the *parental* character of the Deity, "*Our Father* in Heaven," and he also described him to us. How did he do it? He always loved to speak of Him as *his Father*, and he never said of Him

that He was greatness, or power, or knowledge, but with a comprehensive and affecting emphasis that should for ever thrill in every Christian heart he said, "He was a kind and forgiving Father;" and John says, "God is love;" not that he is lovely, not that he is good, not that he is benevolent, merely—that was too abstract for the great, vital, life-giving truth. How then is it possible that he can inflict any punishment that will not be remedial and issue in repentance and final salvation? The very hairs of our head are all numbered, and God wills not that any should *perish*.

The doctrine of eternal punishment has arisen from a flagrantly wrong translation of a word in our version of the scriptures. This word is translated "damnation" instead of "judgment." It occurs forty-eight times in the New Testament. It is translated by damnation three times, by "condemnation" twice, by accusation twice, and by "judgment" *forty-one times*. Wherever the word is translated "damnation" it might be rendered "judgment," and the sense would be good; but where it is translated "judgment" if we should change it to "damnation" it would make nonsense. For example, in the passage, "He hath committed all '*judgment*' unto the Son" we could hardly say, "He hath committed all *damnation* unto the Son," In the passage, "the weightier matters of the law, *judgment*, mercy, and faith," it would not do to say, "Ye have omitted *damnation*, mercy, and faith." "But where it is declared that he who blasphemeth the Holy Ghost is in danger of eternal damnation," it would do perfectly well to say, "is in danger of eternal judgment." The radical meaning of the word is unquestionably judgment.

Ignorance, in conjunction with power and artifice acting upon credulity, have stigmatised Unitarians as unbelievers in Jesus Christ. Nothing could be asserted of them more opposed to the truth. They believe in him implicitly, believe in his divinity. But they assert, *as he did*, that it was derived from God, his Father. Jesus disclaimed *divine knowledge* in express terms, "Of that day and hour knoweth no one, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, *but the Father*."—Mark xiii.—32.

He also expressly disclaimed the attribute of divine *power*. "To sit on my

right hand, and on my left *is not mine* to give, but to those for whom it is prepared of *my Father*."—Matt. xx.—21, 23. He also expressly disclaimed the attribute of *divine goodness*. "Why callest thou me good? *There is none good but one, that is God*."—Mark x.—17, 18; Luke xviii.—18. He also directly affirms his own inferiority to the Father. "If ye loved me ye would rejoice, because I go unto the Father, *for the Father is greater than I*." John xiv.—28. In every important emergency of his life his prayers are expressly recorded; on some occasions we find him withdrawing from the world, and spending whole nights in supplication. This fact alone would disprove the commonly received opinion respecting his supreme Deity; for why or how could he have prayed if he had in his own person an omnipotent nature, which could, by a word, a thought, accomplish every wish? If the common doctrine be true, he was himself the hearer of prayer, and under necessity of praying to none. But yet we find he prayed, he prayed to the Father; he thereby owned subjection to the Father's power, and testified to his own inferior and dependent nature. But more than this, he prayed in agony, until his sweat was as it were great drops of blood; and in that very prayer he owned subjection to the Father in express words, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."—Luke xxii.—41, 43. In this hour of distress an angel was sent to comfort him, *but the immediate object of the prayer was not fulfilled*, for it pleased the wisdom of the Eternal Father that the bitter cup which he deprecated should not pass away until he had drained it to the dregs. Could the being who prayed, who prayed to another, who prayed thus fervently, whose prayer was thus refused—could this being be Almighty God? The Trinitarians say, yes. They say that Jesus Christ had two natures, one human, the other divine; and that it was his human nature that prayed, and his divine nature that refused his prayer. But where in the Bible can we find any trace of such a doctrine? Did Christ himself know it? Is it credible that if he had known it and had known it was, as the churches say, essential to salvation, he would have failed to teach it with a plainness that could neither be misunderstood or misinterpreted?

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

DEAD MEN.—"Have you ever read the 'Ancient Mariner?'" asked Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, one day of his congregation. "I dare say you thought it one of the strangest imaginations ever put together, especially that part where the old mariner represents the corpses of all the dead men rising up to manage the ship—dead men pulling the rope, dead men steering, dead men spreading the sails. I thought what a strange idea that was. But do you not know that I have lived to see that day? I have seen it done! I have gone into churches and I have seen a dead man in the pulpit, a dead man as deacon, and a dead man handling the plate, and dead men sitting to hear."

THE OPEN FIRE.—"I am a firm believer," says Dr. Cuyler, "in the moral and spiritual influence of an open fire. To make home attractive there must be somewhere in the house a common family rendezvous; and that ought to present a more radiant attraction than a black hole in the floor, through which hot air pours forth from a subterranean furnace. Men will fight for their altars and their firesides; but what orator ever invoked a burst of patriotism in behalf of steam-pipes and registers? I never cease to be thankful that I was brought up beside the hickory fire of a rural farm-house."

WEAR A SMILE.—Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will only show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eye and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest and at morning when you rise, and throughout the day when about your daily business.

THE JEWS.—Dr. Nathans, a Jewish rabbi, not of the orthodox pattern, proposes, in a communication to the *Christian Register*, a union between Jews and Unitarians. He says:—"We are living in a United States; may we not live all, too, in a united religion? As in union there is strength, I therefore say a combination of Jews and liberal Unitarians would enable us to disseminate throughout the world those truths in religion which are advocated by all rational men, and welcome to all the children of God. These should be in the form of tracts, pamphlets, and such like, which we find written by Spinoza, Mendelssohn, Channing, Norton, Clarke, and others. Judaism has always been a true vindicator of pure, clear Unitarianism, and will, under a scientific and rational reform, join to fulfil the closing of the prayer, 'On this day may the Lord be one, and His name (which exists in His people) be one.'"

THE CHURCH.—The *Protestant Churchman* says: The phrase "the Church," even when the article "the" is printed without emphasis, is, when applied to any one part of the Church of Christ, as absurd as it is unchristian. As a part of the numerous progeny of High Church Popery, we hope that Evangelical men will cease to use it in their writings. We are glad to notice such an advance towards common sense and a true catholicity.

REFLECTION.—We are told, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." This of course is best, but as it generally does I would add, "never act or write till it has done so." This rule has saved me from many an act of folly. It is wonderful what a different view we take of the same event four-and-twenty hours after it has happened.—*Sydney Smith.*

A VOLUME IN A PARAGRAPH.—Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable, but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress on them is,—Never run into debt!—Avoid pecuniary obligations as you would pestilence or famine.

A TRIBUTE TO MARY L. WARE.—A true, faithful daughter, wife, mother, friend; with no eccentricities, no extravagances, no marvellous qualities of head or hand; but with an honest truthfulness of nature, a willing spirit of self-sacrifice, and an ever-loving heart—such was Mary L. Ware. . . . Mrs. Ware's religious life was pure and unspotted; and, had she lived in a warmer atmosphere of Christian feeling, she would have been a model, besides, of Christian experience.—*Methodist Quarterly.*

NONPLUSED.—The following anecdote used to be related by the late William Hazlitt. He was out visiting Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montague, when Sir Anthony Carlisle came in, apparently in a state of more than his usual self-complacency, having just received a complimentary testimonial from the Apothecaries' Hall. In answer to the inquiries of Mrs. Montague, he said very pompously and somewhat profanely: "Madam, the glorious Company of the Apothecaries praise me!" "But," retorted Mrs. Montague, "what say the noble army of martyrs, your patients, Sir Anthony?" Sir Anthony was so nonplussed by this witty rejoinder that he somewhat suddenly took his leave.

THE following are the terms for supplying the
CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, post free:—

1 copy	...	per year	2s. 6d.
2 copies	...	"	4 0
5 copies	...	"	6 0

Above this number at the same rate.

Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 56, Grosvenor Park, Camberwell, London, S.E., and all Business Letters to EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.

Printed by SAMUEL TAYLOR, Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and Published by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand.